

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled the many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling, Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from old Kentucky shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain, and the stars are shining
Then I'd take my darling, Nelly Gray. [too,
And we'd float down the river in my little canoe—
While my hanjo sweetly I would play.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain—
They have taken her to Georgia to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under water and my hanjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more:
My eyes shall look adown, my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blind, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's something knocking at the door,
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

CHORUS,

Oh, my Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,
That they will never take you from me any more;
I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to old Kentucky shore.

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